

WASHINGTON CRITIC

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 18, 1887.

JEU DESPIRE.

DEAR MR. INOUELL: You were prompt, I say. With pleasure, on "inauguration Day"—I mean for change from 4th of March, that is, when Washington was first proclaimed.

At 6 P.M., in quiet, secret session, he professed his wife reform sticks in the House, in aspect "all fortorn." And I propose to call on General Butler to stand on the citadel of Randolph Tucker's or, better, come to think, it may still be, England's son-in-law, brave "Little Phil."

To stir him up, with rattling shot and shell!

In other words, in short, to give him—well, A. & O round trouncing, if he fails to give our revolution a fair chance to live.

H. K.
Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in charge of the Joint Resolution.

JESSIE'S TRUE HERO.

There was a dreamy look in Jessie's bright face as she stood thinking. Tom Marshall and Will Enderly were both rivals for her favor. Both were brave, handsome, generous young fellows. Tom had the most money; Will had only his own energy and ambition. Jessie did not know which one she liked best.

"I wish I did," she said, mutely. "I wish there was some way of proving them. The man I marry must be a hero in the best sense of the word. He must be kind and good, and above all, honest and brave. More than anything else, I desire a cause."

A few days later Jessie had a chance to test the courage of both her lovers. About five miles from Springfield there was a wild, beautiful spot known as Fern Glen, where picnic parties often resorted; and here Jessie and her two suitors, with a merry party, had gathered.

They had enjoyed an abundant dinner spread upon the fresh green grass, and were reclining about. In groups upon the rocky cliffs around the glen, gathering wild flowers and rare specimens of beautiful ferns, from which the glen derived its name, when Jessie's chance came.

She was gathering a splendid fern, which grew very near the edge of the cliff, when, chancing to look over the gorse, she spied a magnificent scarlet dower growing below.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried. "I never saw one like it. I must and will have that flower."

The rest of the group gathered near to look over.

"I don't think you'll get it, Jessie," said Molly Freeman, coolly. "No one would be likely to go down there for the sake of a mere flower."

"But they will for my sake," cried Jessie. "A wild spirit seemed to take possession of her, as she thought: "Now is the chance to test them." And then aloud she added: "There, gentlemen, is a challenge for you. That flower is the test. If the light will fit the challenge, the company."

Fourth, it is untrue, as stated by the Critics' Committee, that a preconcerted arrangement existed between the officers of the District Government Inspector of Gas and Meter Men, whereby the Inspector of Gas and Meter Men, who had been the cause of the quarrel, that John Freeman fell, and she thought it incumbent upon her to show both John and Will every attention until they were fully recovered, to which they certainly had no objections. To this end, Jessie promised to take him for a walk, and had found her hero—John Enderly.

Will turned still paler, but he said quietly:

"Yes, for so small a cause, I am."

"What? You a coward?" And Jessie's voice rang out loud and clear. "Go this moment, or I will never speak to you again." Will Enderly dashed his hand upon his heart, and said: "Turn to Will Enderly, she said."

"Come, Mr. Enderly, you will do my bidding! I know! Get me the scarlet flower, please!"

Will looked grave as he answered:

"No, Miss Jessie, I cannot risk my life for such a trifl."

"Surely, you do not wish it?"

"But I do it, Jessie, de chiedy. Nay, I command it."

"I cannot obey," was the firm answer.

"What? Are you afraid to go down for the sake of a mere flower?"

"Yes, I am. I will not for your sake," cried Jessie.

And Jessie stopped before them all and held her soft lips to his.

But she did not care now. She had found her hero, and all the love and gratitude she could shower upon him would hardly make amends for the taunts she had hurled at him earlier in the day.

Tom slunk away. There was no chance for him now, he new. Jessie would never be his, and Feria Goss would remain a bitter memory in his mind.

Jessie blamed herself for the nearly fatal occurrence. It was in leaning over to look at the flower, which had been the cause of the quarrel, that John Freeman fell, and she thought it incumbent upon her to show both John and Will every attention until they were fully recovered, to which they certainly had no objections. To this end, Jessie promised to take him for a walk, and had found her hero—John Enderly.

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